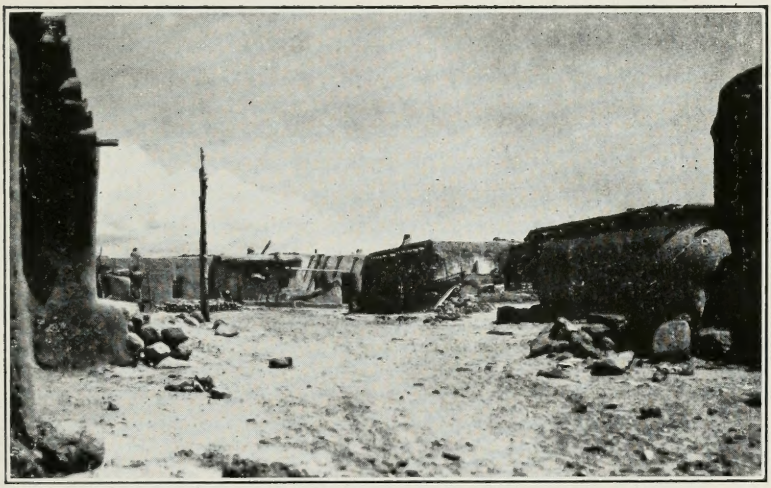
F
791
P3
v.20
no.4

El Palacio

VOL. XX. FEBRUARY 15, 1926. NO. 4.



ZIA PLAZA, ZIA

THE ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE SOUTHWEST

Address by Edgar L. Hewett, Director of the School of American Research of the Archaeological Institute of America, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Delivered at the Annual Meeting of Phi Beta Kappa and Sigma XI, State University, Lincoln, Nebraska, January 8th, 1926.

The student of science has no need to be reminded of the joy of original discovery. The acquisition of knowledge by any means is a profound satisfaction; but without detracting from the value of books and the inspiration of teachers, I may be permitted to hold that the transcendant experience of the student is that of looking upon with his own eyes or touching with his own hands, the original sources from which he may derive new truths.

Herein probably lies the charm of the great southwest for the naturalist as well as for philosopher and artist. In the Grand Canyon, the Petrified Forest, the great Jemez Crater, the deserts and the mesas, the geologist has records of the lifeless forces that have shaped the earth, the most colossal and the most complete that exist on our planet.

The drama of life is no less clearly expressed. Here are plants that have successfully adapted themselves to a changing world and survived. By means of delicate instruments in desert laboratories, the response of plants to the influences of soil and sunlight and temperature every hour in the day and every day in the year, is observed and recorded. Forests tell the story of advance and recession, and the tree rings measure climatic pulsations. A vast extinct fauna, together with a wealth of living species, tell of the struggle under the inexorable law "Adapt or die."

Somewhat belated as a science to be pursued by systematic biological methods, came the science of man. Its pioneers in the west were Powell, Holmes, Alice Fletcher, Fewkes, Putnam, Cushing and Bandelier. Theirs remain the outstanding contribution to this science up to the present day. The archaeology of the southwest may best proceed along the lines safely laid down by these masters.

The advent of the human species in this region is obscure. No vast antiquity is indicated; I mean as compared with the antiquity of man in Europe. We cannot postulate a paleolithic or neolithic man in the new world, or follow any old world pattern in classification. Any statement as to time of occupation in the major culture centers of the southwest is a guess and schemes of chronological sequence in cultural developments are

still tentative. For all practical purposes we may still begin the study of man in this region with the ancient Pueblos and Cliff Dwellers. Remains which some interpret as evidences of earlier stock are to be considered and their meaning and relative importance held in abeyance awaiting more convincing data.

Nothing has been established as to whence came this first outstanding culture of the southwest. In general Pueblo tradition points toward migration from the north. The remote Asiatic origin of the indigenous American race by way of the Bering waters, and a culture level at the time of arrival on this continent, comparable to that of Neolithic Europe, is generally accepted by Americanists. The race arrived and continued without practical knowledge of metals. Therefore, while exploring and settling a vast continent they remained low in material achievement. In other elements of culture, however, they surpassed their European contemporaries.

The story of man in the southwest is a story of adaptation to a peculiarly definite and elemental environment. Obvious everywhere is the urge to live, to reproduce, to survive, and the efforts put forth to that end constitute a fascinating chapter in the history of human arts, industries, social structure, and beliefs. Running through this amazing story like a golden thread on which the fabric is woven, is the idea of the potency of

the desert. Inhospitable as it seems it has yielded to man his food through the ages, has nourished his culture, has stimuated his spiritual life. And of its vast future economic possibilities, few would as yet venture a prediction.

The subject is here illustrated with views from the Southwest as follows.

The Cliff Dwellings of the San Juan Valley
The Cliff Dwellings of the Rio Grande Valley
Rare objects from inconspicuous places
Survivals from the past ages
The Pueblo Indians and their culture
Revival of the ancient life
- Pottery making
- Embroidery
- Mosaic and lapidary work
- Painting
- Ceremonial life

Closing

I have tried to give you a picture of our southwest; to lead you to contemplate the mighty forces that have shaped it, to think of the subtle influences that abide in it which have moulded life in its myriad forms and shaped the destinies of a race of men. I have also sought to give you a bigger conception of a noble science. If archaeology had to do only with the rescue of dead things and their exhibition in museum halls, I

could take but little interest in it. But it is the science of things that live; of things that no disasters can kill; that through the ages do not grow old; works of the human spirit that though buried for milleniums, rise again to new life and potency. And our conception of it goes still farther for it demonstrates that in the races that have survived from a past, powers may lie dormant, for generations and be roused to life anew.

Archaeology is therefore one of the most dynamic of sciences. Like all science, it seeks only to know the truth, and in seeking truth it is lead onward by the imagination, for without imagination there would be no science and the human race would be as nonprogressive as the invertebrates. Therefore the archaeologist sometimes indulges in flights of fancy that usually are permitted only to the poet. When he sees the beautiful creations of man's mind come forth from the soil of ages to inspire and enrich the new time as they did the days of old and guide us to still nobler achievements, may he not be permitted, in fancy, to think of man himself as falling asleep, drawing the kindly mantle of earth around him, dreaming awhile in the embrace of the primal Mother, to be born again with the changing cycles and to go on with the creative processes in which he has played a noble part.

(*Continued on page 92*)

INDIAN PRAYER

O God, I know thee not by any creed,
I know thee only by the daily word;
And by thy daily spoken word I know
That thou art loving, great and good and just.

Clear are thy precepts as thy sunlight is,
When first it warms the mesa-top at morn.
Sure as the spring in mercy comes again
To heal the treacherous winter's cruel blows,
So sure will peace once more our hearts revive,
After the biting blasts of chilling pain.

Thy mercy fills our hearts unto the brim
As thy bright rain our fountains' empty urns.
And as the dawn after the weeping night,
So comes fruition to the heart that grieves.

O, as the mountain stream flows deep and pure,
Let me find purity in hidden heights.
And as the simple floweret, that grows
In sweet seclusion at the rugged foot
Of some wild, giant mountain slope,
Let me bloom in unpretentious grace,
Where pride and envy twoer with froward
front.

O, may I, like the river roaming wild,
Sing loudest where the jagged stones abound;
Nor stay for obstacle that bars my path,
But by incessant striving wear a way.
May I, like sturdy cactus standing lone
Upon the dreary wastes of arid sand,
Draw strength to arm me 'gainst the prowling beast,
And glad the desert with my radiant bloom,
Though scant my nourishment of spirit fare.

May I be constant as the daily sun,
As true as light, that never yet has lied,
And fruitful, giving freely, like the corn.
As after rain, that fructifies and laves,
May blessings spring like wheat where I have passed.
In purpose, steady; of achievement, sure.
As steady as thy starry firmament,
That never wanders from the destined way,
But walks the ages, shouting loud thy praise.
As sure as Autumn pays with generous hand
The pledge of Spring, and Summer's promised wealth.

O God, I blow this burning prayer to thee
With all the passion of my love-wrought soul.
O winds, waft, speeding forth, my plea, my vows;

Let them, like eagle-feathers tempest-borne,
Float far beyond remotest bounds of earth,
Where Day forever dawns, and Love is Lord.

LURA MAY LOVE POSTMA

(Lura May Love Postma is the youngest daughter of the late Rev. N. B. C. Love, pioneer Methodist preacher of Ohio. She graduated from the Upper Sandusky High School, from Findlay College, and took three years graduate work at the University of Chicago. Later she spent nine months in Paris, where she also attended lectures at the Sorbonne. She studied singing in Findlay, Toledo and Detroit.

She taught French and Latin in Findlay College two years, French one year in the Chicago University High School, and French one season at Bay View Summer School. She had much experience as concert singer, lecturer on literary subjects, and writer, contributing prose and verse to various Ohio periodicals. While in Paris she wrote a series of letters descriptive of French life for the Toledo Times-Bee.

She was married in Amsterdam to Dr. Hessel Postma, whom she met while a guest of the celebrated astronomer, Prof Kapteyn, at Groningen, Holland. Since her marriage she has resided at Zeist, Holland, where Dr. Postma is mental specialist in the State Reform School for girls.)

MUSEUM EVENTS

February Exhibits

Gustave Baumann's annual exhibit of wood-block color prints is always an event eagerly awaited. This year there are seven new prints and they are lovelier than any previous examples of Baumann's art. He has again chosen characteristic aspects of New Mexico landscape and one marvels how with such comparatively unyielding material as wood-blocks super-imposed upon each other by an old Washington hand-press, the artist can create atmosphere and such fine color contrasts, gradations and compositions. "Rain in the Mountains", "Summer Clouds," "The Three Pines," have not only the charm of Japanese color prints but something more than mere decoration. "Talaya Hill" is especially attractive although none of the other prints suffer by comparison. An entire alcove is given to the exhibit, on one wall being hung seven prints, each illustrating one of the impressions through which the print goes before it is completed and the second wall being hung with prints of previous years.

Another noteworthy exhibit is that of twelve landscapes and still-lifes by J. G. Bakos one of Los Cincos Pintores. It too is given an entire alcove and is also the best exhibit as yet made

by that ambitious young artist who has developed a strong style of his own in the modernistic mood but avoiding the extremes which have given offense to more conservative artists and critics. The scenes are from around Santa Fe and Taos and the two flower pieces are of blossoms that one associates with New Mexico gardens. However, it is composition, line, structure and color that count rather than subject in these sincerely painted and ambitious paintings although they reflect also the characteristics which stamp them Southwestern in theme and spirit.

Three new landscapes hung by Fremont Ellis, another of Los Cincos Pintores, emphasize the treatment of light that has won Ellis popularity. They are his familiar mountain and forest scenes with strong contrasts of shadow and sunshine produced by storm clouds pierced by rays of the sun. His yellows, oranges and reds are rich and his greens and blues somber. He has a natural bent for dramatic composition and chiaroscuro.

Exhibit of Snowscapes

Sheldon Parsons delighted Museum visitors during the month of February with an exhibit of brilliant snowscapes. In the four large paintings, as well as in the sketches, Mr. Parsons demonstrated his genius in capturing the qualities in New Mexico landscape that so often escape the visiting artist. Every one of the pictures is altogether lovely.

EL PALACIO

VOL. XX. FEBRUARY 15, 1926. NO. 4.

PAUL A. F. WALTER, EDITOR.

Published by the Museum of New Mexico and the School of American Research

A Semi-Monthly Review of the Arts and Sciences in the American Southwest.

Sent free to Members of the New Mexico Archaeological Society and the Santa Fe Society of the Archaeological Institute.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 16, 1918.

ARTISTS AND EXHIBITS

HENNINGS AWARDED PRIZE

In the Chicago Artists' Show at the Art Institute, E. Martin Hennings was awarded the $500 Fine Arts Building Purchase Prize for his "Winter in New Mexico." The prize was donated by the Estate of Charles A. Chapin, owner of the Fine Arts Building, and the painting will be given to the Chicago Public School Art Society or some other civic organization. Another painting by Hennings, "The Goat Herder" in the exhibit is declared to be "unusual" by the art critic of the Chicago Evening Post. Others who have painted in Santa Fe or Taos, who exhibit in the Chicago show are: Edgar F. Cameron

whose paintings are entitled "Nocturne" and "The Way to the Garden," Albert H. Krebhiel "in a new aspect of color," and Laura van Pappelendam with "Feeding Turkeys."

Logan Prize to Nordfeldt

B. J. O. Nordfeldt of Santa Fe, has been given one of the Logan prizes for his "Two-Story House Taos," Ralph Pearson also receiving one of these prizes, in the international show of the Chicago Society of Etchers at the Art Institute.

Exhibit by Maurice Sterne

Maurice Sterne who has painted at Taos, is having his first American exhibit in New York since going abroad. He was signally honored in the biennial exhibition at Rome, Italy, last year.

MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES

Paintings Treated as Rubbish

A negro janitor carted away as rubbish from the Omaha Fine Arts gallery a crate of paintings by Thomas Eakins valued at $8375. When the paintings were recovered, the most valuable one "The Black Fan" valued at $3,125, was badly damaged.

Baumann Woodblocks in Denver

The first two weeks in February, colored wood-

block prints by Gustave Baumann were on exhibit in Denver. Mr. and Mrs. Baumann have left Santa Fe for the East on a motor trip.

SITE FOR BALTIMORE MUSEUM

Six acres valued at $160,000 have been given by the trustees of Johns Hopkins University for a site for the art museum for which the taxpayers of Baltimore have voted One Million Dollars.

IT IS WRITTEN

FEBRUARY "POETRY."

"Black Satin," by S. W. Henry, "a young colored poet, in Albuquerque, N. M., is given place in the February issue of "Poetry." However, the most important poem in the number is "Tobacco Smoke" by Alfred Kreymborg although "Sea Stories" by Ruth Manning Sanders have charm that entitle them to the leading place granted them. It is interesting to gather from the "News Notes" that out of a vote of eighteen experienced teachers of modern poetry as to their preference of poems in "The New Poetry," all but one voted for a poem by Alice Corbin Henderson of Santa Fe; while a poem by Witter Bynner and one by Haniel Long, also of Santa Fe, received all but two votes. Carl Sandburg and Edgar Lee Masters, who like Kreymborg have been in Santa Fe and addressed Santa Fe audiences, are also

among the prime favorites. Announcement is made of a prize of $1000 offered by Walter Clare Martin of Brooklyn, to "some unrecognized genius" who produces something "recognizably great" attaining "poetic beauty in either verse or prose" prior to January 1st, 1927.

Mrs. Austin a Prize Winner

The Society of Arts and Sciences announces that Mrs. Mary Austin of Santa Fe is the prize winner for 1925 for the best brief story. The award includes $100 in cash. Mrs. Austin's story is "Papago Wedding," and was first published in the "American Mercury."

NECROLOGY

Death of Dr. Tower

Dr. Ralph W. Tower, librarian of the American Museum of National History in New York, died last month, at the age of 56 years.

IN THE FIELD

Research among the Mayas

N. A. Joyce, deputy keeper of the department of ethnology of the British Museum, has sailed for British Honduras to study the Maya culture in Central America.

(*Continued from page 82*)

Charles Kingsley wrote:

"So fleet the works of men
Back to their earth again;
Ancient and holy things
Fade like a dream."

I would paraphrase that:

So *rest* the works of men,
Safe in their earth again;
Ancient and holy things
Slumber and dream.

And the archaeologist, as he sees things rise in beauty from the dust would add:

So *live* the works of men.
Back to their earth again,
Youthful and lovely things
Wake from their dreams.

So the wonder and beauty of the story grows, and the joy of discovery increases, and slowly, very slowly, we learn to interpret what we see. These are old, old trails over which we have walked in the southwest in order that we may bring the experiences of the past into the life of to-day. Nature is our surest teacher, and man's place and part are becoming fairly clear.

I think of the southwest as the theatre where vast forces have played through the eons; where

living things have struggled to survive and grow in an evolving world; as the stage on which the drama of human life has been enacted; where the spirit of man has striven and brought forth its fruit which has in due season returned its seed to the earth in order that life might go on. Its vast spaces have become vibrant with deathless music. In its profound silences, broods the spirit of all truth and beauty. It becomes a place where scientist and philosopher and artist alike can walk humbly with the Creative mind.

PERSONAL MENTION

To Science Meeting

Assistant Director L. B. Bloom and Curators K. M. Chapman and Wesley Bradfield of the Museum left February 13 for Phoenix, Arizona, to to attend the seventh annual meeting of the Southwestern Division of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, February 15 to 18.

Director of Bishop Museum

Professor Herbert E. Gregory of Yale has sailed for Honolulu to be director of the Bishop Museum.

Lectures by Dr. Hrdlicka

Last month, Dr. Ales Hrdlicka lectured at Buffalo on "Early Man and Anthropological Pro-

blems of Far South East and South Africa." He also gave a talk on "Item of Anthropological Interest" before the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

GIFTS AND BEQUESTS

Guggenheim Fund for Aeronautics

Daniel Guggenheim has given $2,500,000 to be spent the next ten years in endowing chairs of aeronautics in universities of the Southwest, the West and the South. He had already given $500-000 to New York University for an aeronautical school there.

Italian Academy

The Mussolini government of Italy has granted a substantial subsidy for the founding of an Italian Academy and the making of grants and giving pensions to scientistis, artists and authors.

Art Collection for University of Texas

Mrs. Miriam Luther Stark has presented a $500,-000 fine arts collection and $150,000 cash for an art gallery to the University of Texas.

COMMENT

Nothing New Under the Sun

Iodine as a the apeutic agent for goitrous persons is presumed to be a discovery of recent scientific investigators. Yet, as early as 1180,

Roger de Palermo recommended the ingestion of seaweeds and sponges as a cure for goiter. Michael Servetus mentioned the value of burnt sponges as a remedy for this condition in Switzerland. In 1853, J. Young Simpson wrote of the universal employment of seaweed as a remedy for goiter saying: "Those suffering from it in South America seem, from medical experience to have discovered also the uses of matters containing iodine in the same affection. The stems of seaweed, and without doubt containing iodine, have long been chewed by inhabitants of South America under the name of palo-coto, or goitre-stick, wherever goitre is prevalent. I am informed by Dr. Greville that Dr. Gillies found this drug carried over the pampas of South America, many hundred miles inland, for this medicinal use." It is but one instance of a valuable lesson that might have been learned from the past.

Thus one is astounded to learn that the search of the alchemists of old for means of transmuting base metals into gold was not an idle dream. Science Service announces gravely that "elements can actually be transmuted and one metal can be converted into another. " Experiments are described which apparently succeeded in transmuting mercury into gold and lead into mercury. The present is verily rooted in the past and mankind could save itself many unnecessary steps and much woe if it were willing to learn what archaeology and history teach.

CHANGES

By Witter Bynner

Changes of light are living things
And flit along the brook;
On a willow-limb their images
Are wounded wings of smoke.

Two ways of life make the design,
Two behaviours:
The brook's way with the sun is mine:
The willow's way is yours.

You are a reaching, rooted span
Where little leaves grow:
You are a woman; but I am a man
And catch the sun and go.

—Virginia Quarterly Review

PASTURE

By Witter Bynner

He had gone away without good-bye,
A thing he never would have done;
For nobody loved him more than I—
Except, perhaps, the sun.

And the sun—when I said, "O tell me where!"
Though it showed me some open pasture-bars
Into the pathway of the air,
Gave no particulars.

—Virginia Quarterly Review